

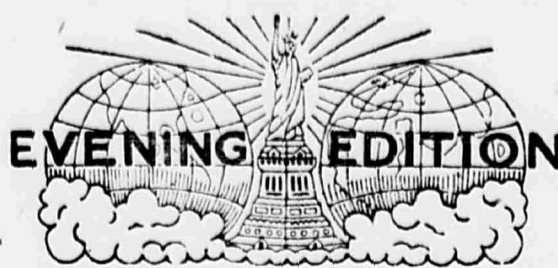
MORGAN MANIAC SHOT TWO OTHERS MORSE SAYS HE IS A BANKRUPT

WEATHER—Fair to-night and Tuesday.

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

The



World

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NO BAIL FOR MORSE YET; COUNSEL SAYS HE IS A BANKRUPT

Though Rated at \$20,000,000,
Former "Ice King" Can't
Pay His Debts.

CALLS HIMSELF "GOAT."

Nobody Lost Money Through
His Transactions, Is
Banker's Plea.

By his own admission, made under oath, Charles W. Morse is a bankrupt. In an affidavit produced in a hearing before the United States District Court of Appeals this afternoon Morse swears that his assets are not sufficient to pay his debts.

The hearing was on an order secured last Friday by Morse's counsel, calling upon United States District Attorney Schimen to show cause why Morse should not be admitted to bail. Wallace Macfarlane, Eugene Carver and Charles A. Littlefield appeared to argue for Morse. Mr. Stimson and his assistants, Mr. Wise and Mr. Frankfurter, appeared for the Government.

Morse was not in court. A crowd piling in size those who gathered outside the Tombs during the Thaw trial hung around all day, waiting for a glimpse of the convicted banker, but he was kept within the walls of the prison, his presence at the argument not being necessary.

**\$1,000 REWARD IS
OFFERED FOR TRACE
OF THIS WOMAN.**



MRS. JULIA FLEISCHMANN

The paper held by the boyhood friends and associates of Morse in Maine became a sort of simple its value as a waste. To show how Morse is held in the State of his birth, a proceeding at Bowdoin College, his alma mater, is significant. William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin, addressing the students, said:

Charles W. Morse is a deplorable example of unbridled ambition. This man once sat in the very forms where you young men are sitting now. Take warning by his career of misdirected and ruthless energy.

In private conversation, President Hyde is reported to have said that as between Morse and Harry Thaw he considers Thaw the lesser criminal. President Hyde is a leader of thought and public opinion in Maine.

Morse today is worth between \$3,000,000 and \$5,000,000, which represents the face value of securities he holds. He is heavily interested in the stocks and bonds of the Consolidated Steamship Company, his most ambitious venture, which is now in a state of eclipse. It is his firm belief that this enterprise will eventually become established on a paying basis.

Wanted to Build It Up.

At the time of his indictment, he was making arrangements to have the Assets Realization Company, of Philadelphia, take over the Consolidated Steamship Company and build it up. This is the concern that so handled the assets of the National Bank of North America as to enable the receiver to pay the depositors dollar for dollar.

About a year and a half ago Morse conceived the idea of forming a new express company to enter the field against the American and United States corporations. The express business is impracticable, Morse promised to establish his company through his coastwise steamship lines and gradually to enter into national activity. The idea had proceeded far enough to allow leaks of the intention of the promoter to trickle through business circles and the American Express Company and United States Express Company officers and directors are among the most ardent wishers that Morse will quit the land behind prison bars in Atlanta, where the Federal jail for this district is located.

Had to Lift Her Veil.

Before Mrs. Morse was admitted to the Tombs to see her husband today she had a little dispute with Matron Flattery, who said this is to search all the women admitted to the big prison. Miss Flattery does not favor one person, "Mrs. Morse," she said to the convicted banker's wife, "I shall have to ask you to lift your veil."

"I do not see that it is at all necessary," said Mrs. Morse. "You do not surely think I would bring anything in to Mr. Morse that is forbidden by the rules."

"I think it desirable, I probably shall," replied the matron.

"I suppose you will want me to take off my hat next, and will want to search my hair?"

"I think it desirable, I probably shall," said the matron.

Mrs. Morse lifted her veil and was allowed to enter the prison. She remained with her husband some time.

FARMERS FELT A SHOCK;

THINK IT AN EARTHQUAKE.

SABETHA, Kan., Nov. 9.—Reports are coming in from all directions within a radius of twelve miles of Sabetha of a supposed earthquake shock felt at midnight Saturday night. Scores of farms were shaken, and the shock was as far as known to damage was done.

\$1,000 REWARD IS OFFERED FOR TRACE OF RICH WOMAN

Mystery of Mrs. Fleischmann's
Disappearance Baffles
All Search.

RIVER IS DYNAMITED.

Last Seen in Room of Her
Residence and Not Ob-
served to Leave.

Three days of fruitless search for Mrs. Julius Fleischmann, wife of a retired real estate man, who vanished from her handsome home at No. 18 West Eighty-sixth street, on Thursday afternoon last, have resulted, her family admitted today, in nothing, so far as unearthing any trace of her fate or whereabouts is concerned. A reward of \$1,000 was offered this afternoon for information concerning her.

Since Mrs. Fleischmann, sixty years old, but vivacious and pleasure loving as a young girl, garbed herself in a shabby old suit and hat, passing over dozens of modern gowns, and slipped quietly from her home, all trace of her has been obliterated as if the earth had swallowed her.

In the hunt more than a ton of dynamite has been exploded in the North River from Thirtieth to One Hundredth street, in an extraordinary effort to recover her body. If she drowned herself, The Brooklyn and New Jersey water fronts have been ransacked. Riverside and Central parks have been searched through every inch of their deeper shrubbery. European steamers have been watched, trains and trams questioned and a secret search by the police of the five boroughs ordered by Commissioner Bingham.

Search Is Widespread.

Up-river towns as far as Tarrytown have been visited, and private detective agencies called on. River and "body-snatchers" have been questioned, the Morgue and all the hospitals examined, but all has resulted in the mystery remaining impenetrable.

Beyond the fact that an operation performed by Dr. William T. Bull three years ago left her at times nervous and inclined to depression, Mrs. Fleischmann's health and spirits were perfect. She and her husband were like two children in their enjoyment of life.

Mr. Gustav Fleischmann said that his mother left his home on Long Island on Oct. 9. On election night she and her husband mingled with the crowds winding up with supper at a fashionable restaurant. They returned home at 1 o'clock.

On Wednesday Mrs. Fleischmann gave a bridge party. On Thursday she was about the house in her usual good spirits and had afternoon tea with her daughter-in-law. They chatted about their friends and general topics.

Shortly before 6 o'clock Mrs. Fleischmann said she felt tired and went up to her room to lie down. At 5:30 her husband came home and, hearing that she was fatigued, went to her room. It was empty.

Not Seen to Leave.

The house was searched from top to bottom. There was no trace of her. The butler and all the servants were questioned. Not one had seen her go out. It is believed that she slipped downstairs in the elevator and left so quietly that no one in the house heard her. A canvass of the neighborhood has failed to reveal any one who saw her on the street, though it was not dark when she left.

A search of her room showed that she had clothed herself in an old dress and an old hat. Another puzzling thing to her family was the discovery on her dressing table of \$200, which was about the sum she usually carried with her.

Mrs. Fleischmann was last seen to leave her home on Saturday last, as was her custom. On the day of her disappearance she spent part of the morning buying articles for her trip. One of the missing woman's eccentricities was that she would not ride in a carriage or an automobile. About a year ago she was thrown from her carriage in a runaway and her shoulder was broken.

Once or twice lately she had remarked, more or less lightly, however, that she feared she was in the way. A sudden death of her husband, she said, would have been a relief to her.

Many Have Scruples.

The State at once began questioning the talemans as to their scruples against indicting the death penalty. No man will be passed for service who has scruples against the extreme penalty.

Henry Mills, retired farmer, Charles Schiack, retired merchant, and C. F. Miller, grocer, were temporarily accepted as jurors by the State.

This afternoon three more jurors had been temporarily accepted by the State, Charles E. Nelson, George Wallace and Joseph Bink, making seven so far. The State expects to have a jury of twelve by tomorrow.

Renewed efforts to find Mrs. Fleischmann, who was once employed by Mrs. Guinness and who is said to have talked out facts to constitute cause of action, Judge Richter did not rule on the motion, taking it under advisement, at the same time ordering the attorneys for the State and defense to proceed with the examination of the special venire.

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DR. BULL MUCH WEAKER.

The following bulletin in regard to the condition of Dr. William T. Bull, the noted surgeon, was posted by his physicians at the Hotel Plaza today:

"Dr. William T. Bull is much weaker, his agent a rather bad night."

Postmaster of New York City and the Maniac Who Tried to Kill Him



ERIC H. B. MACKAY

LAMPHERE AT BAR DENIES DEATH OF MRS. GUNNESS

Accused of Murdering Owner
of "Death Farm," He Claims
the Woman Is Still Alive.

(Special to The Evening World.)

LAPORTE, Ind., Nov. 9.—Ray Lamphere, confident and apparently wholly at ease, was arraigned for trial in court here today, charged with the murders of Mrs. Belle Guinness and the woman's three children on "Death Farm" in April last.

"I will be a free man within two weeks," he said to a group of friends as he took his seat and began a survey of the courtroom, which was crowded.

The prisoner based his statement of early freedom on the claim of his counsel that Mrs. Guinness is still alive and that several witnesses will be called to prove the fact.

Lawyer Worden, lawyer for Lamphere, says he will build up a defense which he is confident will prove the prisoner's innocence.

He said that Mrs. Guinness died in her own home on the morning of April 23; that her body was burned; that it was held for weeks at Cutler's Morgue in this city, and that it now lies buried in Forest Home Cemetery, Chicago.

There was a special panel of twenty-five freeholders in court today, and from this number the jury is being selected.

Lamphere took deep interest in the choosing of the jurors, and intently followed each question asked the talemans as they were called.

The defense started the legal fight by filing a motion to quash the indictment, alleging that it did not contain sufficient facts to constitute cause of action. Judge Richter did not rule on the motion, taking it under advisement, at the same time ordering the attorneys for the State and defense to proceed with the examination of the special venire.

Choosing the Jurors.

State Attorney R. H. Smith declared today that by the introduction of evidence he would prove that Mrs. Guinness died in her own home on the morning of April 23; that her body was burned; that it was held for weeks at Cutler's Morgue in this city, and that it now lies buried in Forest Home Cemetery, Chicago.

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100 TO 1 SHOT IS WINNER AT LATONIA TRACK

Mystifier Proves Big Upset to
Westerners in Third
Race.

(Special to The Evening World.)

LATONIA RACE TRACK, Ky., Nov. 9.—Three Eastern bookmakers—E. T. Bradley, Dan Hall and Jake Sanders—cut in today, increasing the number of bets to eighteen. Programmes of the proposed ninety-day race meeting at the half mile track in New Orleans, beginning Thanksgiving Day, were received by several horsemen today. A \$50 handicap is offered as the opening feature.

There will be no open betting in connection with the races. It is said that in order to pay purses everybody will have to pay, including the horsemen. The purses will range from \$100 and upward. Jake Holtman and his assistants will leave Sunday for Arcadia, where they will begin the training of a short period and then alternate with Dick Dwyer, the starter at Oakland.

An unusually good card for a Monday was offered patrons today. The fourth race, a handicap at six furlongs, was the feature.

First Race—Five and one-half furlongs; \$200 for maiden fillies two years old.

Point Lace, 103 (E. Martin), 7 to 1, 5 to 2 and 6 to 5, won by half a length. Macdon, 105 (Burton), 15 to 1, 6 to 1 and 3 to 1, second.

Kivany, 109 (Butler), 5 to 1, 2 to 1 and even, third.

Time—1:08 4-5.

Splendid Heathead, Sister Evelyn, Kitty Fisher, Sirena, Louisiana, Juliet M. Kennam, Queen, Vanone, Nellie Free, Gladly Girl also ran.

Second Race—Five furlongs; purse \$400 for two-year-olds.

Sea Swell, 106 (Deverich), 9 to 2, 1 to 1 and 5 to 1, won.

Miss Crittenden, 102 (A. Pickens), 20 to 1, 6 to 1 and 6 to 5, second.

Dr. Holberg, 106 (E. Martin), 25 to 1, 5 to 1 and 5 to 1, third.

Time—1:00 1-5.

Claborn, Irfaneh and Mabel Henry also ran.

Third Race—Six furlongs; purse \$200 for three-year-olds.

Mistifer, 102 (E. Martin), 10 to 1, 20 to 1 and 6 to 1, won.

Grey Flash, 104 (Kennedy), 6 to 1, 7 to 5 and 1 to 2, second.

Orlandot, 107 (Sheldahl), 20 to 1, 5 to 1 and 5 to 1, third.

Time—1:14 3-5.

King Folly, Fresh Tackle, Traneval, Buckshot, Little Fitz, Earl's Court and W. T. Kemper also ran.

Fourth Race—Six furlongs; purse \$400 for three-year-olds.

Elton, 116 (Moreland), 11 to 5, 5 to 3 and 5 to 1, won.

Alamy, 110 (Kennedy), 5 to 3, 3 to 5 and 5 to 1, second.

Latonia, 112 (J. Butler), 2 to 6 to 5 and out, third. Time—1:24 3-5.

Miss Sain also ran.

Fifth Race—One mile and seventy yards; purse \$1,000.

Lady Esther, 100 (Glansen), 6 to 5, 4 to 1 and out, won.

Woolstons, 101 (Kennedy), 15 to 5, 4 to 1 and out, second.

Claborn, Irfaneh and Mabel Henry also ran.

The Shaugrahan also ran.

Sixth Race—Five and one-half furlongs; purse \$200 for three-year-olds and upward.

Albert Star, 87 (Brannon), 7 to 1, 5 to 2 and 4 to 1, won by one length.

Howard Sheen, 100 (Glansen), 10 to 1, 20 to 1 and 6 to 1, second.

Besterling, 101 (Davis), 10 to 1, 10 to 1 and 4 to 1, third. Time—1:47.

Cymba, Secor, Deacon, Beau Brummel and Lady Baidar also ran.

RAIDED CLUB ASKS WARRANTS FOR BUGHER

Retaliates in Court
by Charges.

(Special to The Evening World.)

Second Deputy Police Commissioner Bugher and Police Captains Bottler and O'Brien will appear in the Yorkville Court tomorrow to answer charges of malicious mischief growing out of the sensational raid on the alleged gambling house at No. 123 Second avenue Oct. 25. Nearly one hundred men were arrested in the raid, and all were discharged the same evening by Magistrate Baniow in the Night Court for lack of evidence.

Lawyer Abraham Levy appeared in the Yorkville Court this afternoon and demanded warrants for the arrest of Mr. Bugher and his two captains, who had been engaged in the raid, under his direction. He said that he would press charges of malicious mischief against all three police officials.

Mr. Levy said the complainant in the case was Heyman Rosenthal, president of the Mascoite Club.

Mr. Levy said that Mr. Rosenthal fixed the damages to the club at \$25,000. Magistrate Kernochan listened to Mr. Levy and demurred to his demand for a warrant. Then Mr. Levy thought a summons would perhaps be equally effective. Magistrate Kernochan suggested that he would telephone to the Second Deputy Commissioner and the two police captains, and would arrange to have them present at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, when he would hear the charges against them. This satisfied Mr. Levy and it was so arranged.

Robbed and Left for Dead on Long Island Road.

HIMPSTAD, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Officers from the Nassau County Sheriff's office are looking for three negroes who robbed Frank Busto late last night of \$10 and left him for dead on the Merrick road, east of Hempstead. Busto was beaten by the thugs, and when he informed them that he had no money they stabbed him four times in the stomach, taking \$40 from him, and then made their escape. The victim is in a critical condition in the Nassau Hospital.

Think Beheaded Man Was A Newark Prospector.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., Nov. 9.—The headless body of a man believed to have been a Newark N. J. prospector, was found in Tennessee, near Middlesboro, today. The victim's identity is not known, but near the body was an envelope bearing a Newark N. J. postmark. His clothing indicated that he was well to do. It is believed the man was a mining prospector who was murdered for his money.



MORGAN, SHOT BY ESCAPED LUNATIC, SAVED BY CHILD

Mackay Shot Man in Massachusetts,
Was Sent to Asylum, but Managed
to Escape Four Years Ago and
Came to New York City.

**LAW STENOGRAPHER BY DAY,
BROODING MANIAC AT NIGHT.**

Suicide a Walking Arsenal, and His Room in
a Boarding House Found Full of Drugs
and Strange Literature—Left Note of
Explanation Written Months Ago.

Eric Hugh Bird Mackay, the law stenographer who shot down Postmaster Edward M. Morgan and then killed himself, on Washington Heights, this morning, was an escaped maniac.

By day a quiet, sober worker in the downtown offices of Hunt, Hill & Betts, by night he was a cunning lunatic, beset with an acute homicidal mania, and spending long hours delving in poisons and explosives, and planning elaborate murder plots.

Four years ago Mackay got away from an asylum at Worcester, Mass., where he had been sent for shooting a fellow employee in a Boston factory without cause. Although he was known to be a dangerous paranoiac, the Massachusetts authorities seemingly made no effort to retake him.

He was permitted to go at large, glooming secretly over the failure of certain futile business schemes and feeding his crazy wrath to keep it warm until the madness finally ripened into his causeless attack on one of the best known public officials in New York and his own suicide.

The shooting occurred 150 feet from the northwest corner of One Hundred and Forty-sixth street and Broadway, within a few yards of Mr. Morgan's home. The assailant had been lying in wait for him for hours.

Mr. Morgan's life was undoubtedly saved by the nerve and quick-wittedness of his fourteen-year-old daughter Dorothy, who saw the flash of the revolver as Mackay drew it from his pocket in time to strike the levelled weapon a glancing blow with her hand.

The attending surgeons stated at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon that the injured Postmaster had recovered splendidly from the effects of the operation which they performed on him, and that, barring setbacks, he would be able to leave his bed within a week's time.

LEFT A WEIRD LETTER.

A weirdly worded letter which was found in Mackay's lodgings showed that he contemplated killing the Postmaster and ending his own life as far back as the middle of last July. For weeks, so it appears, this maniac had been haunting the neighborhood where the intended victim lived.

Day after tomorrow he would have had to pay a premium on his insurance. Probably it was this that hurried forward to-day's crime.

With his pockets sagging under a weight of deadly tools—a new revolver, a long, fancy looking dirk, a home-made slung shot, and dozens of loose pistols, cartridges—he watched the house front for more than three hours this morning. For reasons which no doubt appeared good to his disordered mind, he did not bring along any of the bombs or poisonous brews over which he had secretly labored for months in his dingy bedroom in One Hundred and Sixteenth street.

When the Postmaster came out of his house Mackay, who had been lurking behind a stoop, ran up behind him, passed him on the opposite sidewalk, headed diagonally across the roadway, intercepted the unsuspecting Postmaster and, with hardly a word, shot him. Then he fired one bullet wild, put another in his heart and a fourth in his cracked brain and tumbled down dead ten yards from where his victim had collapsed.

It was 8:15 o'clock when Mr. Morgan arose from the breakfast table in his house at No. 613 West One Hundred and Forty-sixth street. Following his week-day custom, he meant to take little Miss Dorothy to the Wadleigh High School, and then come on to his duties in the Federal Building. It